

insecurity

a remote and not very apposite symbol; yet the *sadhu* receives more veneration than prebendaries, and the Crucifixion has caused many wonders to be performed, and many hearts to be deeply stirred.

It is one of the illusions of Liberalism and all its many offshoots and affiliations, that the way to men's hearts is to offer them material benefits. If this were indeed the case, the triumph of pacifism would be assured, since there is no material benefit more precious than life, no material catastrophe more awful than death. If, however, men want to live, they also want to die; and their longing for death is usually the more ardent and more easily played upon of the two, because more rarely indulged. It accumulates through monotonous, disappointing years, a reservoir of death-longing, ready to be tapped, and when tapped, producing wars, revolutions, and other upheavals. Between the two longings to live and to die, men fluctuate, making civilisations and destroying them, formulating beliefs and demolishing them, bringing order out of disorder and then disorder out of order, weaving the pattern of their history.

Each individual is his own universe, reacting subjectively to the confused happenings around him, and to the confused influences brought to bear upon him. Entities are envisaged—as, public opinion, informed circles, Germany, Peru, the "Workers; but these are largely imaginary, No individual wholly loses himself in any corporate existence. He remains alone, a separate particle of life, with eternity before him and behind, corning solitary into

the world, and solitary departing from it. Even
propaganda,
whose function it is to create mass emotions, a heat
which makes
the tough ego molten, so that many run together
into one brew,
cannot entirely overcome this persistent
subjectivity. What is
intended to influence, itself takes on the character
of what is
influenced. A law-student in the eighteenth century,
after reading
Timon of Athens, noted down in his diary that its
chief moral